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# ENGLISH POETRY.

## TRANSLATION OF THE CHOICE.

BY HYWEL AB OWAIN GWYNEDD*.

[*See page* 311.]

Yon lovely maid of form divine,
So slim, so fair, may she be mine,
Whose long white shape and graceful mien
Beneath her light blue veil are seen!
On woman, when her charms unite,
Supreme in female excellence,
To muse hath been my first delight;
But most I prize her diffidence,
When on her lips, in concert sweet,
Her decent mind and language meet.
Hence would I choose with thee, my fair,
Our thoughts, our lives, our all to share.
Bright art thou as the hues that shine
Upon the sparkling summer tide,
While Cymru's purest speech is thine;
Discreetest maid, be this thy pride.
Hence thou art mine, and shall I be
To thee as dear as thou to me?
What, no reply! ah, silent still!
Yet even thy silence raptures fill.
But I, who choose so rich a prize,
What pause should mar a choice like this?
In choosing well the merit lies,
Then choose, my fair, and seal our bliss.

* * *

* Hywel ab Owain was one of the sons of Owain Gwynedd, Prince of North Wales, who succeeded to the sovereignty in 1137. Upon his death in 1169 Hywel aspired to the throne, but, after a severe struggle, was defeated by his brother Davydd, and two years afterwards died of his wounds in Ireland. There are but eight of Hywel's productions preserved, which are printed in the Archaiology; but it sufficiently appears from these, that he was a young man of talent as well as an elegant poet. The effusions of his Muse appear, like this specimen, to have been dedicated to the fair sex; at least such is the general character of those, that remain. But it may be proper to add, that the translation, here offered, does not in every instance retain the simplicity of the original. Perhaps, indeed, this would have been hardly practicable.—Ed.